

All Christendom Rejoices at Easter

The Descent from the Cross

An Easter Poem by JAMES A. EDGERTON

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A CROSS the ages shines the piteous scene
That still the sorrow of humanity,
Caught and reflected on the canvas screen
By Art, which is the glass of history.
But, lo, the grief is stilled! for once again
This form divine, deprived of mortal breath,
Shall rise resplendent and proclaim to men
The triumph over death.

ARTEMESIA'S EASTER.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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SPRING was everywhere except in the heart of Artemesia Lee. In her sunny garden crocuses and daffodils were pushing green blades through the brown earth. The air was softer, the waters of the bay had lost the cold steely gray and showed the color of a bluebird's wing.



"SEEMS GOOD TO HEAR IT AGAIN," SAID ARTEMESIA.

and the bluebird himself was singing among the swelling buds of the cherry tree.

Artemesia looked drearily across the bay. It all seemed bleak and cold to her—typical of her life.

"Well, Artemesia Lee, don't it seem good to smell the springtime a-coming along?" denuded a cherry voice beyond the fence.

Artemesia turned and surveyed the

dummy figure and rosy cheeks of her nearest neighbor, Hanna Ford.

"I suppose some folks can enjoy the springtime, but it always seems so sort of lonesome," she murmured.

"It's because you live all alone and keep your shutters closed tight," Mrs. Ford laughed mirthfully. "If you'd open the shutters of your heart and your house, Artemesia, you'd let the sunshine in, and then you'd be happy."

"Pshaw!" murmured Artemesia, half resentfully. "Opening my shutters won't make me young again."

"Of course it will! Why, don't you understand, Artie, that's what Easter means in one sense? We sort of rise up out of our old selves—just as if our old selves were dead, you know—and each year we can begin life new and young in heart."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Artemesia in a startled tone. Her religion had been of a cold, dreary outlook on life, and this creed that Hanna was preaching was new to her, but it sounded inviting.

Hanna was still speaking. "If you could forget yourself for one day, Artemesia, you would be happier. There, there; don't get stiff. As if I didn't know that you stayed single to please your pa and ma, and everybody knows how you sacrificed and slaved for them till they died, and now you're alone you've got to thinking and thinking till you've grown hard hearted and resentful and—Mercy me, is that the old man? I must run, for Josephine's that feather braided she won't think to—And Mrs. Ford's words were lost as she trotted down the road toward her own gate.

Artemesia stood there, paling and flushing by turns. Hanna's words had been a shock to her. It was true that Artemesia had remained single for her parents' sake. There was no one to look out for the old people, and her lover wanted to carry his bride to the new home which he had prepared in the west.

Jack Young—that was his name—was Hanna Ford's brother, and through Hanna she had heard scant news of him during the past twenty years.

A sudden rare smile curved Artemesia's faded lips, and she looked almost pretty. "Opening the shutter sounds inviting," she thought as she moved toward the house. "I do believe I'll try it!"

First the lower floor blinked in the unaccustomed flood of sunshine.

Artemesia hardly knew the rooms, so accustomed had she become to their peculiar half light. The gloomy old parlor became a cheerful apartment, and when Artemesia saw dust on the ancient square piano she flew vigorously around and banished it.

Upstairs the sunshine and fresh air revealed a new house to Artemesia.

"I declare, I believe I can smell spring now! It's the first time I could since"—She stopped, and a cloud came over her face.

It had ceased to be spring that day when Jack Young went away without her.

"It's wicked to keep shutters closed tight. I can't do it again," she breathed suddenly, and another line disappeared from her forehead.

After that day Artemesia Lee kept the shutters of her house wide open.

Passersby saw it and marveled and said that Artemesia Lee was getting some sense, after all. Hanna Ford noticed it, too, and a queer little smile curled the corners of her pleasant mouth.

One day Josephine Ford ventured into Artemesia's parlor and played popular tunes upon the tinkling piano.

"Seems good to hear it once more," sighed Artemesia, who had not played for many years.

"Why don't you play some, Artemesia?" asked pretty Josephine. "Ma says you used to be a grand player."

Artemesia flushed prettily. "I believe I will have the piano tuned and practice," she said, and a new pleasure came back into her life.

"Next Sunday's Easter, and I haven't got a new thing to wear," half panted Josephine, swinging around on the piano stool. "Pa says he can't afford a thing this year, but I would like a new hat and a pair of gloves."

"Let me see, Josie," mused Artemesia. "I think I've got some lovely lace braid in the garret, and by getting a frame down at Dolan's I believe we can make you a hat, and I've got feathers and flowers."

Josephine hugged her delightedly, and together they set off to choose a hat frame. Artemesia forgot her own troubles and the latent discontent that had gnawed at her life.

She grew merry over the secrecy of the shopping, for this was to be a surprise to Josephine's mother.

Artemesia presented Josephine with a pair of new gloves, and the young girl's delight was very sweet to the older woman. Artemesia Lee forgot herself while she sewed on the new hat, which turned out so successful that she made one for herself, a shady brown affair that matched her soft eyes.

The days before Easter were crowded with sunshine and happiness for



HIS HAND CLASPED TIGHTLY OVER HER'S AS THEY HELD THE HYMN BOOK.

Artemesia. She threw open the shutters of her heart and let the sunshine of a new spring wake it into new life.

Flowers from her plants and spring blossoms from her garden went to carry the new message of awakened life to the sick and needy. Each day she grew younger, prettier, happier.

"Oh, Hanna," she said on Easter morning, "it is true that one can be born over again! I am so happy. It is wrong to apply the story of resurrection that way?" she ended timidly.

Hanna shook her head vigorously. "It's not wrong, of course! Religion means more than just words and creeds, Artemesia. Every symbol means a whole lot of things!"

"I'm glad of that," murmured Artemesia. "I feel born over again in every way."

There was a very sweet smile on Hanna's face, just as if she knew some secret that would add still more to the beauty of the Easteride.

"It means beginning over again—in lots of ways," she managed to whisper in Artemesia's ear as they entered the church.

When they reached Hanna's pew two men arose to let them pass. One was Timothy Ford, and the other one was—Jack Young, bigger, older, browner, stouter, but with the same smile and the same dizzy look when his eyes met Artemesia's. Side by side they stood, and his hand clasped tightly over hers as they held the hymn book together.

Josephine in her pretty finery stared wonderingly at Artemesia's glorified face.

"Ma," she whispered, "is Uncle Jack going to marry Artemesia?"

Mrs. Ford nodded vigorously.

"If Artie will have him, and I guess she will, for her heart shutters are open to stay!"

A Puzzling Law.

Now that the Webb-Kenyon bill, prohibiting the interstate shipment of intoxicating liquors has become a law the dry states are puzzled over the effect the enactment will have upon certain interests. When President Taft vetoed the bill he did so with the conviction that it was in violation of the interstate commerce clause of the federal constitution in that, by its terms, congress delegates to the states the power of regulating interstate commerce in liquors, which is invested exclusively in congress.

There can be no doubt that the constitutionality of the act will be questioned. The president contended that if the measure was constitutional and congress could suspend the operation of the interstate commerce clause in regard to liquor, then congress would have constitutional power to suspend interstate commerce in respect to every

subject of commerce wherever the police power of the state could be exercised to hinder and obstruct that commerce.

While the measure was being debated in congress there was an impression that it was intended to apply to only the so-called dry states. The law reads that if the liquor is intended to be received, possessed, sold or used in violation of the law of the state into which it is shipped then it should be seized. Now it is said that the application of the act is nation-wide. It applies to liquor shipped into New York or New England or into any other part of the country if the liquor is intended to be received, possessed, sold or used in New York, or the other states into which it is shipped, in violation of any law in New York or that other state. In other words, if the laws of the state of New York were to prohibit the sale of liquor by social clubs, then, under

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the new act, it would be unlawful to ship any liquor into New York state for use by such social clubs.

The courts will soon be called upon to decide whether the law extends only to interstate shipments of intoxicating liquors into the dry states, or may apply to any state which passes a law in re-

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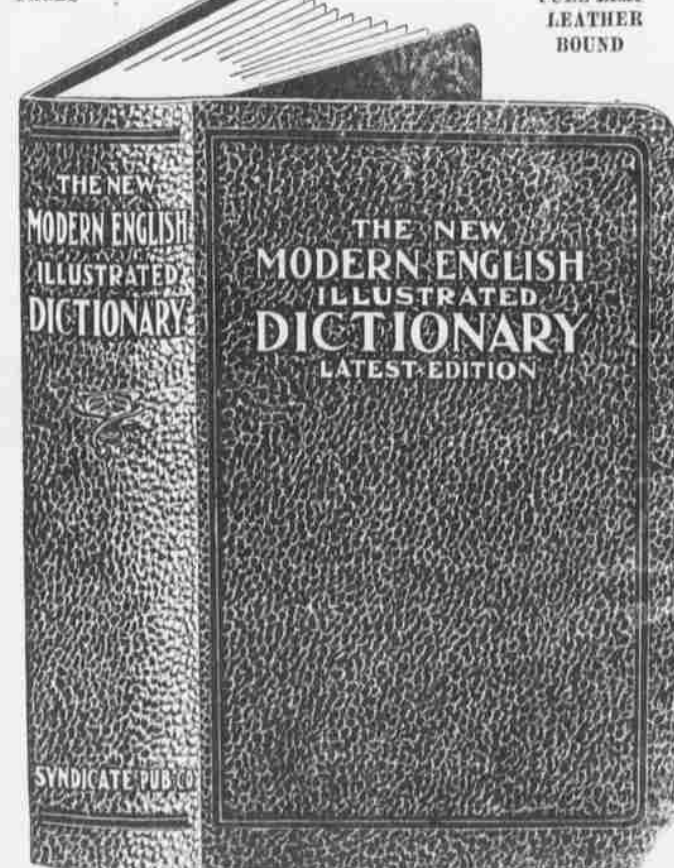
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